

[W. L. Bradley]

1

EARLY SETTLEMENT

William V. Ervin, P. W.

Lampasas,

Lampasas, County,

District 8.

880 words.

File 230.

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Consultant - W. L. Bradley, Lampasas, Texas.

The following is account by W. L. Bradley of a fight between white settlers and Indians near Lampasas, Texas, in 1872, in which Mr. Bradley participated:

We lived one and a half miles east of Lampasas, on the Belton road. Indians had been stealing horses, and we stood guard until midnight to prevent a raid. When midnight came we decided danger was over for the night and went to bed, first hobbling our horses.

At about two o'clock we were awakened by two of the horses running back to the house. We got up, and I caught one of the horses, saddled him, and rode to Hancock Springs, where [?] some soldiers were camped under command of Major Greene. I reported the stealing by the Indians to Major Greene, and he took a detail of thirteen men and went to

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where the horses were stolen and waited until daybreak when he took up the trail of the Indians. They had gone/ east down the [Belton?] road.

Seven citizens joined us on our way. They were Parson Chalk, Mitchell McVay, John Slaughter, Charlie Witcher, Allen Rasberry, Pomp Pickett. We followed the trail to the Lampasas River, and then went to Mr. Witcher's house and drank coffee. We then followed the trail of the Indians to Clear Creek, about fifteen miles east of Lampasas. At that point the Indians left the [Belton?] road and took out across the prairie to the mountains about two miles from Ivey Gap. There we jumped them and they left in a hurry. We found two or three canteens and some trinkets.

We chased the Indians about twenty miles north to the Van 2 Winkle mountains in Coryell county. There we found two mules and three horses belonging to my uncle which they had turned loose. One Indian rode off across the [prairie?] prairie on my bay mare. Then about seventeen Indians/ came running and started up the mountain. They passed about two hundred yards from where Slaughter, Picket, Rasberry and I were; we were about a half mile ahead of our main crowd. Rasberry and Slaughter had Spencer rifles. Picket and I were armed with ball and cap sixshooters.

The Indians reached the top of the mountain, and we four charged them, getting within a hundred yards. Rasberry and Slaughter fired, and the Indians returned the fire. A bullet went over Rasberry's head. We halted and waited until the soldiers came up. The major asked how to get to the top of the mountain, and I replied, "Follow me". We went quartering up the mountain. We halted, and the major fired seven shots at the Indians. Then they let us have it. I could hear the bullets zipping all around us; the air seemed full of them. The Indians had Spencer rifles. We were now about fifty yards from [them.?] The major mounted his horse and gave orders to form line [???.] The shin oak brush was about as high as a man's [???.]

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We charged to within ten steps [???] began. I was on the left of the major, [????] right. There were two Indians shooting at [???] with a rifle and the other with bow and [????] for their [breechelout?]. I raised by [????] and his bow and arrow ready I aimed at his [????] dropped his bow and arrow and clapped his hands [???] 3 other Indians raised their guns and fired at me. In the charge one of the soldier's horses ran among the Indians. The soldier held his gun in one hand and tried to guide his horse with the other. He dropped one of the bridle reins and his horse whirled and threw him. Several Indians rushed at him shooting all the time. He was hit once in the chest by a spent ball. His gun strap over his shoulder must have protected his body for his only injury was a blue spot about the size of a dollar.

I looked around, and our men were on the run. As I rode through the brush my horse fell. I jumped up with my pistol in my hand, looked back for Indians, and would have shot at anything in sight. I was scared. I grabbed the bridle reins of my horse and looked to see if he was shot. He got up all right. I mounted and rode down the mountain to where the men had gathered. We counted the men and found one missing, but about that time the missing man, the one whose horse had thrown him among the Indians, came running down the mountain.

Major Greene was mortally wounded with a shot in his right side. He told the sargeant to detail some men to go for a conveyance in which to carry him to camp, and Pomp Picket and I volunteered to go. We rode to Uncle Jesse [Guym's?] on Falls Creek, about ten miles away, and got his hack and horses and with a mattress on the floor of the hack took the major back to camp.